Take Your Places

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Take Your Places

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Your trainee decides that his need for attention takes precedence over your very important phone call

Notes

IT SHOUDLVE BEEN MEEEEEEEEEE RAGHHHH I need opera I need him I need him I need him please god I promise I won't abuse him and throw bottles at him ill treat him right I swear I won't cut him up and separate him in trash bags in various locations around Cypress, Texas on December 19th, 2025 4:21 AM FUCKKKK

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

Your office feels particularly draining today, pretty similar to the dull drone of the voice that has been on the other end of the line for a while now. You pinch the bridge of your nose, leaning an elbow on the clutter of race schedules and budget requisitions scattered across your desk.

"Yes, Director," you say, keeping your voice low and level. "I've reviewed the turf maintenance logs for the upcoming races. The drainage issues on the third turn shouldn't affect the... yes, I understand the liability concerns."

It's dry, soul-sucking administrative work. The kind of bureaucracy that makes you question why you didn't just become literally anything else. But then, the door to your office is thrown wide with a gust of air that smells faintly of expensive rosewater.

A shadow falls over your desk—a very, very long shadow.

"Haaah ha ha ha! Lament no longer, my Trainer! For the sun has risen inside these four walls!"

T.M. Opera O stands in the doorway, posing as if struck by a spotlight that only he can see. He has to duck slightly to clear the frame, but he does it with such practiced grace it looks like a dance move.

His cape swirls around his calves, the gold pauldrons on his shoulders catching the dull office light and somehow making it gleam. He looks magnificent. He looks ridiculous. He looks like a headache waiting to happen.

You stiffen, your eyes widening as you frantically wave a hand at him —the universal sign for 'Not now, get out, I am on the phone.'

"And regarding the press release," you say quickly into the receiver, turning your chair slightly away from him in a different direction. "I believe we should hold off until—"

"A press release?" Opera booms, stepping further into the room. "Is it to announce my next inevitable victory? Or perhaps a gala in my honor?! Speak, Trainer! Why do you hide your face from the great Overlord?"

You clamp a hand over the receiver's mouthpiece, your heart rate spiking. "Opera, quiet!" you hiss, glaring at him. "I'm on with the board. Get out."

He stops in the middle of the room. A normal person might look offended. Opera, however, looks delighted. His eyes narrow, pupils shrinking as a mischievous, predatory grin splits his face. He doesn't retreat; he advances.

"So cold," he muses, his voice dropping an octave, losing none of its theatricality but gaining a dangerous sultriness. "To shun the radiance standing before you for a mere... phone call? Tragic. Truly tragic."

"I'm sorry, Director, just some... background noise," you stammer into the phone, trying to focus on the paperwork. "Please, continue about the budget caps."

Opera closes the distance. He moves with the terrifying silence of a predator when he wants to, moving around the side of your desk. Up close, the sheer scale of him is overwhelming; his hip is level with your shoulder while you're seated.

He leans against the edge of your desk, crossing his arms. The movement makes the golden accessories on his chest chime softly. He tilts his head, the green jewels on his ear ornaments catching the light, and just stares at you.

It's not a passive stare. It's an evaluation. He's drinking in your stress, your focus, your desperate attempt to ignore him.

"You look weary," he says, not whispering yet, but speaking low enough that the phone might not catch it. "Your brow is furrowed. It mars the view. A subject of the Overlord should not wear such a clouded expression."

You glare at him, mouthing 'Stop it' while nodding along to the Director's lecture about fiscal responsibility. You try to swivel your chair away again, but a massive, hand shoots out, grabbing the armrest and halting you in place.

With effortless strength, he rotates your chair back so you're facing him. His thighs—thick, powerful trunks of muscle wrapped in white stockings and gold-trimmed boots—are inches from your knees.

"Don't turn away," he whispers, leaning down. His face is suddenly uncomfortably, thrillingly close to yours. You can count the eyelashes framing those intense eyes. "I am shining particularly bright today. It would be a waste not to bask in it."

"Yes... yes, the quarterly review," you say into the phone, your voice

wavering slightly as Opera's hand slides from the armrest to your shoulder. His grip is firm. "I have the... the numbers right here."

"Shush, ignore her," Opera murmurs, his breath hot against your ear. He's encroached fully into your personal space now, looming over you like a mountain. "Look at me. Look at how I shine. Isn't it captivating?"

His hand travels down your arm, tracing the line of your bicep, then rests heavily on your thigh. You jolt, nearly dropping the phone. His palm is enormous, easily encompassing the width of your leg, and the heat seeping through his fingers is instantaneous.

"Opera," you warn, your voice cracking.

"Hello?" the Director asks in your ear. "Are you still there?"

"Yes!" you squeak, clearing your throat. "Yes, sorry. Just... dropped a pen."

Opera chuckles, a low, vibrating sound that you feel in your chest. "A pen? Is that all you can compare me to? A mere writing utensil?"

He squeezes your thigh, his fingers digging into the soft flesh. It's not painful, but the implication of strength is terrifyingly clear. He could crush your leg like a twig if he wanted to, but instead, he's kneading you like dough.

"You are tense," he observes, his other hand coming up to tuck a stray hair behind your ear, his knuckles grazing your cheek. "Your heart beats like a drum. Is it the fear of your superiors? Or is it the proximity to greatness?"

He shifts, spreading his legs slightly, effectively caging your knees between his. He's trapping you at your own desk.

"You need to leave," you whisper frantically, covering the mouthpiece again. "I can't talk right now!"

"Exactly," Opera purrs. He straightens up slightly, looking down at you with a gaze you know means nothing but trouble. "You cannot talk. You are bound by that little device. Which means..."

He grins, showing teeth.

"...you are entirely at your Overlord's mercy. A captive audience for

the Overlord's affection."

His hand on your thigh slides higher, thumb rubbing circles dangerously close to your hip. "I think you could use the relief. And I am feeling... benevolent enough to grant it."

"Opera, please," you hiss, twisting your torso away from his prying hand, but there is nowhere to go. The armrests of your chair dig into your ribs, and his legs block your escape forward.

"Speaking of the logistics report from earlier," the voice on the phone drones on, oblivious to the titan besieging you. "Could you look at page four real quick?"

"I... I have it," you stammer, trying to reach for a file that is tantalizingly out of range.

"Allow me," Opera croons. But instead of grabbing the file, his hand shoots to the lever under your seat. With a sharp yank, the hydraulic support drops a few inches with a loud hiss.

"Opera!" you gasp, the phone slipping slightly in your sweaty palm.

"Too low," he critiques, shaking his head with mock solemnity. "The Overlord should not stand while his trainer sits. It upsets the composition of the scene! Up, Trainer. Up!"

He grabs your upper arm—his grip gentle but inexorable—and practically lifts you out of the chair. You scramble to get your feet under you, intending to shove him back and march him to the door, but you've severely miscalculated the physics of the situation.

As soon as you're vertical, he spins you around with the ease of a dancer twirling a ribbon. Before you can protest, you're pressed chest-first against the cool side of your desk, your free hand slamming down on a stack of invoices to steady yourself.

"Perfect," Opera purrs, the sound vibrating directly against your spine. "Now you have a front-row seat to the paperwork... and I have a front-row seat to you."

"Director, I—" you choke out, your voice hitching as a massive wall of heat and muscle presses against your back. "I'm listening. Page four."

"Good," the Director says. "Now regarding the projected earnings..."

You squeeze your eyes shut. Opera has crowded into your personal space so completely that he is directly over top of you, casting you in his shadow. He leans over you, his chest pressing against your back, forcing you to bend slightly over the desk. The height difference is staggering; even bent over, your hips are barely level with his thighs.

"Are you paying attention to them?" Opera whispers, his lips brushing the shell of your free ear. His hot breath sends a shiver racing down your spine that has nothing to do with the air conditioning. "Pedestrian. Why listen to the chatter of such when the Overlord is singing directly to your soul?"

His hands settle on your hips. His palms are so large they span from your hip bone almost to your navel, his fingers splayed wide. He doesn't just hold you; he owns the space you occupy.

"Stop it," you mouth silently at the polished wood of your desk, trying to elbow him back. It’s useless.

"Make me," he teases, and then he bites your earlobe.

It’s not a gentle nibble. It’s a sharp, stabbing graze of teeth that makes you jump, a stifled noise escaping your throat.

"Is something wrong?" the Director asks, pausing mid-sentence.

"No!" you say, too quickly, your voice pitching up an octave. You grip the edge of the desk so hard your knuckles turn white. "Just... a cramp. Leg cramp. Please continue."

"A cramp?" Opera murmurs, his voice dripping with amusement. He releases your earlobe only to drag his tongue along the sensitive curve of cartilage behind it. "Poor Trainer. Perhaps you need a massage? A specialized treatment from these talented hands?"

He pulls your hips back, hard, slamming your rear against his front. The impact knocks the wind out of you. You can feel everything through the fabric of your tights and his racing silks—the rock-hard definition of his quads, the front of his skirt, and the terrifyingly solid bulge of his growing excitement.

He begins to grind against you, slow and drawn out motions. It’s a rhythmic, circular in a way that is unmistakably obscene. He’s so tall that he has to crouch slightly to align himself with you properly, wrapping himself around you like a cape.

"Ignore him," you tell yourself frantically. "Just ignore him and he'll get bored."

But it only seems to encourage him further.

"You're trembling," he whispers, his hands tightening on your waist, kneading the flesh there. "You tolerate the mundane all day... surely you crave at least a touch of the extraordinary?"

He thrusts his hips forward, a sharp, heavy pressure against your butt that makes your knees buckle. You have to lock your elbows to keep from collapsing onto the desk.

"The... the timeline for the qualifiers," you gasp into the phone, squeezing your eyes shut as Opera nuzzles into the crook of your neck, inhaling your scent deeply. "It seems... tight."

"We can extend it by a week," the Director concedes.

"Yes. A week. Good," you breathe out, trying to focus on the calendar in front of you, but your vision is swimming.

Opera lets out an amused laugh, the sound rumbling through his chest and into your back. "A week? I could take you right now, in a minute. Less, if you keep making those delightful little noises, dear Trainer."

One of his hands leaves your hip and drifts lower, boldly cupping your ass. He squeezes, lifting you slightly onto your toes, molding you against his groin. The friction is intense, the heat overwhelming.

"So compliant," he mocks softly, his lips grazing your neck, leaving a trail of wetness. "You stand there and receive me. You discuss schedules while I ravage you. It's almost insulting... if it weren't so incredibly erotic."

He grinds harder, a slow, rolling motion that forces a whimper to catch in your throat. You cough loudly to cover it up, your face burning hot. You know you should hang up. You know you should kick him. But the sheer, overwhelming force of his ego and his body is paralyzing—and god help you, he smells amazing, and his grip makes you feel small and vulnerable even as he violates every workplace policy in the book.

"Wait, I—" you start to protest, but your breath hitches in a way that sounds suspiciously like a gasp.

Opera's hands have quickly. While you were distracted trying to formulate a sentence about quarterly projections, his deft fingers found the waistband to your tights. He doesn't yank; that would be crude. Instead, he peels you open like a gift he's been waiting all year to unwrap.

"How quaint they are," he whispers idly against your neck, his teeth grazing the sensitive muscle there. "However unnecessary, an obstruction between us that the Overlord will gladly do away with."

With a slow, relentless downward glide, he pushes your skirt, tights, and underwear down in one go. The cool office air hits your exposed skin for a split second before it's replaced by the scorching heat of his body pressing even closer. You clamp your legs together instinctively, a desperate attempt to preserve some dignity, but against his strength, it's like trying to hold back a landslide with a toothpick.

"Director, I just need a moment to check the... the files," you stammer, your voice trembling. You squeeze your eyes shut, one hand gripping the edge of the desk so hard your fingernails threaten to snap.

"Take your time," the Director sighs on the other end. "I'll hold."

Oh no.

"She'll hold," Opera mocks softly, his voice a velvet purr in your ear. "And so shall I."

His hand slides between your thighs, no longer hindered by fabric. The shock of his fingers against your bare, sensitive skin makes your knees knock together. He finds the wetness that's already betraying you—the physical reaction to his overwhelming touch and the sheer danger of the situation.

"Ooh? What is this?" He chuckles darkly, his middle finger tracing the slit of your sex, teasing the entrance. "It seems your body is singing a chorus of approval, dear Trainer, even if your mouth is full of lies."

He presses inside, just the tip of one finger, then two. It's a shallow, teasing invasion, but the friction sends a bolt of electricity straight to your brain.

"Nngh—!" You bite your lip so hard you taste blood, stifling the moan that tries to escape.

"Is that a yes on the budget revision?" the Director asks, oblivious.

"Y-Yes!" you choke out, tears pricking your eyes as Opera twists his fingers inside you, hitting a spot that makes your toes curl inside your shoes. "The budget... is... firm. Very firm."

"Excellent phrasing," Opera murmurs. He withdraws his fingers slowly, leaving you aching and empty, only to step back slightly. "But mere digits are unworthy of the spotlight for too long."

You hear the heavy rustle of his skirt. You dare to glance down, panic warring with burning curiosity.

Opera shoves his own layers aside—the petticoats, the patterned fabric—and frees himself.

The sight nearly makes you drop the phone. It's big, you know it's big, but still. Seeing that thick, heavy slab of meat that looks completely disproportionate to a human scale, befitting a creature that stands eight feet tall and runs like the wind. It bobs heavily as it springs free, glistening with pre-cum, and so very warm.

"Behold," he whispers, not even trying to be humble. "The grandeur of the T.M. Opera O!"

He steps forward, spreading your legs with his knees, forcing you into a wide stance. He doesn't aim for entry—you wouldn't be able to take that while standing and distracted—but he doesn't need to. He grabs his cock at the base, guiding the massive tip between your thighs, right up against your perineum.

"Tight," he growls, sounding pleased.

With a heavy thrust, he shoves the length of it between your legs.

The sensation is overwhelming. The sheer girth of him forces your thighs apart. It's hot, hard, and incredibly thick, sliding through the slickness he created earlier. He presses forward until his hips slam against your ass with a wet smack.

You look down, eyes bulging.

Because he is so incredibly large, the head of his cock has punched all the way through to the other side. You can see the a fair length, of it sticking out past your thighs, throbbing in the open air beneath your desk.

"O-opera," you whisper, undeniably aroused.

"Do you see it?" Opera demands, his breath ragged in your ear. He grabs your hips, his thumbs digging into the flesh, and begins to pull back. "Do you see how the Overlord's presence encapsulates you? I am surrounding you! I am everywhere!"

He snaps his hips forward again. Thwack.

The slippery friction burns in the best way possible. The shaft grinds against your sensitive bits with every stroke, stimulating you purely through pressure and heat.

"You may resume talking to her," Opera commands, biting down on your shoulder. "Tell her about the track. While I run my very own race right here."

"The... the turf conditions!" you shout into the phone, too loud, trying to cover the sound of wet skin slapping against skin.

"Excuse me?" the Director asks.

"The turf!" you gasp as Opera picks up the pace, his massive thighs pumping like pistons behind you. Thrust. Drag. Thrust. The tip of his cock bobs in and out of your vision between your legs like a terrifying metronome. "It needs... more... pounding! Packing! To... to be firm!"

"Pounding?" The Director sounds confused. "I suppose... soil compaction is important..."

"Yes! Compaction!" You whine high in your throat as Opera reaches around with one hand, grabbing your breast through your shirt and squeezing hard. "We need... deep... deep compaction!"

Opera laughs, a joyous, uninhibited sound that vibrates through his chest and directly into your back. "Careful dear, Trainer. You'd be wise not to let your voice become too loud."

He's really getting into it now, his movements losing their teasing slowness and becoming faster. He's fucking your thighs with the same intensity he brings to the final stretch of a G1 race. You can feel the girth of his cock head catching and dragging against the soft skin of your inner thighs.

It feels good. Goddesses help you, it feels incredible. The fullness of him between your legs, the weight of his body pinning you, the absolute adoration in his narcissism—it's intoxicating. You find yourself pushing back against him, grinding your ass onto his groin to

increase the friction.

"That's it," Opera hisses, sweat dripping from his forehead onto your neck. "M-more Trainer. Haah!"

He slams into you, hard, lifting you slightly off the floor with the force of it.

"Hello?" the Director asks sharply. "What is that noise?"

You stare down at the massive member sliding back and forth between your legs, your mind going blank with pleasure and panic.

"It's... applause!" you squeak. "Just... motivational applause! For the... for the team! Just... I have to go!"

You slam the receiver down onto the cradle with a force that threatens to crack the plastic housing. The line cuts dead, severing your tie to the sane, rational world of logistics and budgets. The silence that follows is immediately filled—not by the hum of the air conditioner, but by the wet, rhythmic shlick-shlick-shlick of Opera ravaging the space between your legs.

"Finally," Opera sighs, the sound rumbling against the back of your skull like distant thunder. "Such, the interloper is banished. The curtain falls on the two lovebirds!"

With the phone gone, your last shred of resistance evaporates. You groan, your knees giving out completely, but you don’t fall. Opera won't let you.

He has you firmly in his grasp, his massive hands spanning your waist and hips with terrifying ease. You are nothing more than a prop, a doll to be positioned for his pleasure. He lifts you effortlessly, your toes dragging uselessly against the carpet, forcing your upper body to sprawl across the desk.

"Nnnngh—Opera, you... you absolute..." Your insult dies in your throat, replaced by a high-pitched keen as he changes his angle.

He leans back, using his immense weight and leverage to drag you onto him, burying his shaft deeper into the soft, slick valley of your thighs. The head of his cock punches through to the open air beneath you, rubbing agonizingly against your pubic bone with every thrust.

"Speak up, Trainer!" he commands, though his voice is thick with lust.

He bites again at the nape of your neck, his teeth scraping against the skin before he soothes it with a hot, wet tongue. "I cannot hear your adoration when you mumble into the paperwork! Look at what I am doing to you. Am I not thorough? Am I not generous?"

"You're... too big..." you whimper, clutching at the scattered papers as if they can save you. You bury your face in a stack of performance charts, the cool paper doing little to combat the heat flushing through your entire body.

"Too big?" Opera laughs, a triumphant, bell-like sound. He adjusts his grip, digging his fingers into your rear to press it harder, creating a tighter channel for his member. "Nonsense! A stage must be grand to accommodate the Overlord! And you, my dear Trainer, are proving to be a surprisingly resilient venue!"

He increases the tempo. It's not just the friction that's overwhelming; it's the sheer horsepower behind it. Every thrust shakes your entire frame. He grinds forward with a motion that massages your insides through your skin, sending white-hot jolts of pleasure through you.

"Ah! Ahh—fuck!" You squeeze your eyes shut, drool pooling on the desk. You want to be angry. You want to reprimand him for his entitlement, for jeopardizing your job, for treating you like a toy. But the way he holds you makes your head spin.

Sensing your capitulation, Opera shifts from conquering warlord to needy diva in a heartbeat. He craves the applause now.

He leans down, his heavy chest pressing you flat against the desk, enveloping you completely. He turns his head, his cheek pressing against yours, forcing you to look at the reflection in the darkened window of the office.

"Look at us," he whispers, his breath ragged. "See how the Overlord claims his prize? Tell me, Trainer... who shines brightest in this room?"

He slows his pace, teasing you now. Long, agonizingly slow drags of his thick shaft against your inner thighs. The friction is so good.

"Tell me," he demands, nipping at your ear. "Is it the phone? Is it the Director? Or is it me?"

"It's you..." you gasp, defeated. You turn your head slightly, catching the gleam of his violet eyes, half-lidded and burning with desire. "It's

always you, Opera."

"Yes," he hisses, visibly preening even as he fucks you. "More. Tell me how I feel. Tell me how lucky you are."

"You feel... incredible," you admit, the words tumbling out as he snaps his hips forward, hitting that sweet spot again. "You're... magnificent. So good. God, you're so fucking good."

"As is only natural!" he crows, delighted. He releases one of your hips to grab your chin, turning your face so he can press his lips against yours.

The kiss is messy and demanding. It tastes like pure ego. He devours your mouth while his hips continue that relentless, punishing rhythm. You find yourself kissing him back, your hands abandoning the desk to reach back, gripping his thick, muscular thighs, trying to pull him closer if that's even possible.

"That's it," he murmurs against your lips, pulling back just enough to look you in the eye. His face is flushed, a beautiful, sweaty mess of orange curls and golden accessories. "Worship me. Adore me. Receive my radiance!"

He picks up the pace again, faster now, sensing the finale approaching.

"You are the only one worthy of witnessing this," he groans, the narcissism bleeding into genuine affection. "My Trainer. My dearest, beautiful Trainer."

"Opera... Opera, I'm gonna—!"

"Don't you dare look away!" he lilts playfully, slamming into you with renewed vigor. "Keep your eyes upon me!"

"I can't—Opera, Operaaa—!"

The friction is too much. Your hands scrabble against the surface of the desk, fingers curling into claws as the pleasure spikes, sharp and blinding.

"Haah!" Opera breathes, sensing the change in your muscle tension. "Receive me!"

You cry out, a ragged, broken sound that bounces off the office walls.

Your legs instinctively snap shut, clamping down on his dick with hysterical strength.

Your hips begin to jerk uncontrollably, spamming rapid, spastic twitches against his groin as the orgasm rips through you. You're writhing, squirming against the desk, your brain awash with pure sensation.

"Yes! Yes! Tight! So tight!" Opera groans, his voice losing its theatrical polish and dropping into a guttural, animalistic growl.

The sudden, crushing pressure of your thighs on his cock is the final straw for the Overlord. He stiffens, his entire frame seizing up like a statue. His hands grip your waist so hard it hurts.

"Trainerrr—!"

He slams his hips forward one last time, burying the head of his cock deep in the crux of your thighs, and erupts.

The first rope of semen shoots out with terrifying force, hot and thick as glue, splashing heavily against the back of your thighs and the lowered waistband of your tights. Then another, and another. It is a deluge, a virile torrent of fluids that no human body was meant to contain.

You gasp for air, your head spinning, as you feel the heat of it painting your skin. It pours out of him in staggering quantities, coating your inner thighs, dripping down your calves, and pooling rapidly in the hammock of your panties and tights around your lower thighs.

There's so much of it. It keeps coming. Thick, pearlescent slime coats the underside of the desk, the floor, and you. Opera rides out the orgasm with his head thrown back, panting heavily, his hips twitching as he pumps the last of his seed onto you. The smell of sex—musky and potent—floods the room, drowning out the rosewater.

For a long minute, there is only the sound of ragged breathing and the wet drip-drip-drip of excess fluids hitting the carpet.

Opera slowly slumps forward, draping his massive weight over your back. He feels like a heated blanket made of lead. He nuzzles his face into the sweaty crook of your neck, his breath tickling your damp skin.

"Magnificent," he purrs, his voice thick and satisfied. "A finale worthy of standing ovations. Do you feel it, Trainer? The evidence of my passion? It surrounds you."

He reaches down, his finger scooping up a dollop of the warm, sticky mess from your thigh, holding it up for you to see in the reflection of the window.

"Look at that," he whispers reverently. "Proof that you have served the Overlord well."

You tremble, your legs feeling like jelly as you try to push yourself up from the desk. You are a disaster. Your clothes are ruined, your office smells like a breeding shed, and you have about a liter of horse-girl cum soaking into your socks.

"Get... get off," you wheeze, giving him a weak shove with your elbow. "You're heavy."

Opera chuckles, finally pulling back and allowing you to stand upright —though you have to grab the desk for support. He looks disgustingly pleased with himself, his hair tousled, his crown slightly askew, and a grin that could outshine the sun plastered on his face.

"Heavy is the head that wears the crown," he declares, "and heavy is the love I bestow upon my subjects!"

You turn to glare at him, trying to wipe the sweat from your forehead with a shaking hand. You look down at the absolute catastrophe between your legs and then back up at his beaming face.

"You are," you say, pointing a trembling finger at his chest, "the most annoying creature on this planet."

Opera’s grin only widens. He grabs your hand and kisses your knuckles, utterly unbothered.

"And you love it," he croons. "Now, shall we discuss a shower? Or do you wish to marinate in my brilliance a little longer?"

"Get out," you groan, though there's no heat in it.

You're already reaching for the tissues. "Just... get out."

"As you wish!" He spins on his heel, cape flourishing. "But do not despair! The Overlord shall return!"

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